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OUR TRAVELED PARSON.

I.

For twenty years and over our good parson had been toiling,
To chip the bad meat from our hearts and keep the good from spoiling;
But finally he wilted down, and went to looking sickly,
And the doctor said that something must be put up for him quickly.

So we kind of clubbed together, each according to his notion,
And bought a circular ticket in the lands across the ocean;
Wrapped some pocket-money in it—what we thought would easy do him—
And appointed me committee-man to go and take it to him.

I found him in his study, looking rather worse than ever,
And told him 'twas decided that his flock and he should sever.
Then his eyes grew wide with wonder, and it seemed almost to blind 'em;
And some tears looked out o' window, with some others close behind 'em.

Then I handed him the ticket, with a little bow of deference,
And he studied quite a little ere he got its proper reference;
And then the tears that waited, great unmanageable creatures,
Let themselves quite out o' window, and came climbing down his features.

II.

I wish you could ha' seen him, coming back all fresh and glowing,
His clothes so worn and seedy, and his face so fat and knowing;
I wish you could have heard him when he prayed for us who sent him,
And paid us back twice over all the money we had lent him.

'Twas a feast to all believers, 'twas a blight on contradiction,
To hear one just from Calvary talk about the crucifixion;
'Twas a damper on those fellows who pretended they could doubt it,
To have a man who'd been there stand and tell them all about it.

Paul maybe beat our pastor in the Bible knots unraveling,
And establishing new churches, but he couldn't touch him traveling,
Nor in his journeys pick up half the general information;
But then he hadn't the railroads, and the steamboat navigation.

And every foot of Scripture whose location used to stump us
Was now regularly laid out, with the different points of compass.
When he undertook a picture, he quite natural would draw it;
He would paint it out so honest that it seemed as if you saw it.

An' the way he chiselled Europe—oh, the way he scampered through it!
Not a mountain dodged his climbing, not a city but he knew it;
There wasn't any subject to explain in all creation,
But he could go to Europe and bring back an illustration.

So we crowded out to hear him, much instructed and delighted;
'Twas a picture show, a lecture, and a sermon, all united;
And my wife would wipe her glasses, and serenely pet her Test'ment,
And whisper, "That 'ere ticket was a very good investment."

III.

Now after six months' travel we were most of us all ready
To settle down a little, so's to live more staid and steady;
To develop home resources, with no foreign cares to fret us,
Using home-made faith more frequent; but the parson wouldn't let us.

To view the self-same scenery time and time again he'd call us,
Over rivers, plains and mountains he would any minute haul us;
He slighted our home sorrows, and our spirits' aches and ailings,
To get the cargoes ready for his reg'lar Sunday sailings.

He would take us off a-touring in all spiritual weather,
Till at last we got homesick like, and seasick altogether;
And "I wish to all that's peaceful," said one free-expressioned brother,
"That the Lord had made one cont'nent, and then never made another!"

Sometimes, indeed, he'd take us into sweet, familiar places,
And pull along quite steady in the good old Gospel traces;
But soon my wife would shudder, just as if a chill had got her,
Whispering, "O, my goodness gracious! he's a-takin to the water!"

And it wasn't the same old comfort when he called around to see us;
On a branch of foreign travel he was sure at last to tree us;
All unconscious of his error, he would sweetly patronize us,
And with oft-repeated stories still endeavor to surprise us.

IV.

And the sinners got to laughing; and that fin'lly grilled and stung us
To ask him, Would he kindly once more settle down among us?
Didn't he think that more home produce would improve our souls' digestions?
They appointed me committee-man to go and ask the questions.

I found him in his garden, trim an' buoyant as a feather;
He pressed my hand, exclaiming, "This is quite Italian weather.
How it 'minds me of the evenings when, your distant hearts caressing,
Upon my benefactors I invoked the Heavenly blessing!"

V.

I went and told the brothers, "No, I cannot bear to grieve him,
He's so happy in his exile, it's the proper place to leave him.
I took that journey to him, and right bitterly I rue it;
But I cannot take it from him; if you want to, go and do it."

Now a new restraint entirely seemed next Sunday to infold him,
And he looked so hurt and humbled that I knew some one had told him.
Subdued like was his manner, and some tones were hardly vocal;
But every word he uttered was pre-eminently local.

The sermon sounded awkward, and we awkward felt who heard it.
'Twas a grief to see him hedge it, 'twas a pain to hear him word it.
"When I was in—" was maybe half a dozen times repeated.
But that sentence seemed to scare him, and was always uncompleted.

As weeks went on his old smile would occasionally brighten,
But the voice was growing feeble, and the face began to whiten;
He would look off to the eastward, with a listful, weary sighing.
And 'twas whispered that our pastor in a foreign land was dying.

VI.

The coffin lay 'mid garlands smiling sad as if they knew us;
The patient face was within it preached a final sermon to us;
Our parson had gone touring on a trip he'd long been earning,
In that Wonder-land whence tickets are not issued for returning.

O, tender, good heart-shepherd! your sweet smiling lips, half parted,
Told of scenery that burst on you just the minute that you started!
Could you preach once more among us, you might wander without fearing;
You could give us tales of glory we would never tire of hearing.

—*Will Carleton, in Harper's Magazine for February.*

THE HEAVY CROSS.

Robert Hope and Samuel Hullins had lived neighbors for more than twelve years; and it is probable they would always have been on good terms had not Samuel, who had served under Admiral Nelson, gained at Trafalgar a small pension, which he had paid for by the loss of one of his legs. This leg less, and this pension more, were for Robert a continual source of jealousy; he accused fate for having left him his two feet, and complained bitterly that he had not been able, as he said, to sell his legs at the same price with Hullins. Every time he went to pay his rent, he repeated grumblingly that his neighbor was very fortunate; that he was in a condition to meet his bills, since the King gave him a good pension, while he, poor fellow, had hard work to make both ends of the year meet, without taking into account his creditors.

Robert at first contented himself with making these reflections inwardly, but by degrees his dissatisfaction was expressed aloud, and became his habitual and favorite theme of conversation.

One week that his rent had fallen behindhand, and he was sadly advancing toward the house of Mr. Taylor, in order to make his excuses for the delay, he met neighbor Hullins, who was as regular as a clock in paying his rent, and had just been there for that purpose.

The very sight of Samuel produced on Robert the effect of a fit of sickness; so, when he bowed in reply to the salute of Hullins, his glance singularly resembled that of a bull shaking his horns at a dog.

Arrived at the house of the proprietor, Hope did not fail to be reprimanded. The example of his neighbor was cited, who always paid punctually, and to the last penny.

"Yes, yes," murmured Robert, "some people are born with silver spoons in their mouths. Hullins is very fortunate, and I am not surprised that he pays punctually with such a pension."

"Hullins has a pension, it is true," replied Mr. Taylor; "but his infirmity is a heavy cross, and if you were afflicted with it, I should pity you much more."

"Not so," said Hope. "If I had been so fortunate as to lose a leg like him, twenty years ago, it would have been a productive day for me. I would sell all my limbs at the same price. Do you call his oak leg a heavy cross? I think his pension should render it light. The heaviest cross that I know of is to be obliged to labor incessantly."

Mr. Taylor was a man of joyous humor, but a close observer. He had for a long time noticed the envious disposition of Robert, and resolved to convince him that the lightest cross might become heavy to a discontented mind.

"I see," said he to Hope, "that you are disposed to do nothing. Well! I will exempt you from this obligation to labor of which you complain so bitterly. If you think the cross of your neighbor, Samuel, so easy to bear, will you accept a lighter one, if I will engage to give you your rent?"

"That depends upon what kind of a cross it is," said Robert, anxiously, for he feared that the proposition would not be acceptable.

"This," said Mr. Taylor, taking a piece of chalk and tracing a white cross on Robert's jacket. "During the time that you wear this, I shall not demand a penny of your rent."

Hope thought, at first, that his landlord was jesting; but being assured that he spoke seriously, he exclaimed:

"By St. George! you may say that you have seen my last money, for I am willing to wear this cross all my lifetime."

Robert immediately went out, congratulating himself on his fortune, and laughing all along the road at the folly of Mr. Taylor, who had let him off so cheaply from paying his rent.

He had never been so joyous as at the moment of returning home; as he found nothing to complain of, and his dog came to sit down at his feet without his punishing him for his familiarity.

As he seated himself on his arrival, his wife did not, at first, notice the white cross which he had on his shoulder; but having passed behind her husband to wind up the clock, she suddenly exclaimed, in a shrill voice:

"Why, Robert, where have you been? You have on your back a cross a foot long. You have been to the tavern, and some drunkard among your friends has played you a trick to make you ridiculous. Get up and let me brush off this cross."

"Away!" exclaimed Hope, hastily; "my clothes do not need your brushing. Go knit your stockings, and let me alone."

"That shall not be!" exclaimed Mrs. Hope, in a voice more shrill. "I will not have my husband become the laughing-stock of the whole village, and if I tear your jacket to pieces, you shall not wear that ridiculous cross."

As she spoke thus, the wife attempted to brush Robert's shoulder; and the latter, who knew that resistance would be useless, walked off, shutting the door after him violently.

"What a fury!" muttered he, as he went away. "If she had been more gentle, I would have told her of my good fortune; but she does not deserve to know it."

"O! O! Robert," exclaimed old Fox, at the moment when Hope turned the corner of his house, "what is that white cross on your back?"

"Take care of your own clothes," insolently replied Hope, going his own way.

"Mr. Hope," said little Patty Stevens, the grocer's daughter, "stop one moment, if you please, that I may rub out that great white cross you have on your shoulder."

"Go and sell your herrings, lazy girl," replied Robert, "and do not concern yourself about the passers-by."

The little girl, silenced, hastened to re-enter her mother's shop.

At this moment Hope arrived at the house of the butcher, who was conversing on the threshold with his neighbor, the blacksmith.

"You are just the man I wanted," said the latter, stopping Robert, and he began to speak to him on business; but hardly had he commenced when old Peggy Turton arrived, in her plaid gown and blue apron.

"Mercy! Mr. Hope," exclaimed she, taking up her apron, "what is that on your back?"

Robert turned to tell her to let him alone, but the blacksmith then perceived the mark made by Mr. Taylor.

"Heavens!" said he, laughing, "he might serve for a sign to the White Cross."

"I suppose," said the butcher, "that his wife has marked him thus for fear of losing him."

Hope felt that there was for him but one method of escaping at the same time from the apron of Peggy and the jokes of the butcher and blacksmith, so he hastened to leave the spot, not without some abusive language to his neighbors; but the cross had begun to weigh more heavily upon his shoulder than he had at first supposed.

The unfortunate Robert seemed destined this day to provoking encounters, for he had gone but a few steps when he found himself opposite the school house. School was just out, and the scholars were at this moment issuing from the door, ready for any fun that might present itself. Hope was terribly uneasy, and imagined he already heard cries behind him. His fears were soon realized; he had scarcely passed the school house door when a long shout was heard, and fifty scholars at least began to pursue him and point at him, throwing up their caps in the air.

"Look, look," exclaimed one, "there is a sheep marked for the butcher."

"Don't you see," replied another, "it is a crusader just setting out for Palestine."

And the shouting and laughter recommenced more loudly.

Hope became pale with anger; he turned like a cross dog pursued by children, and, perhaps, would have cruelly revenged himself on his young persecutors, had not Mr. Johnson, the schoolmaster, suddenly appeared at the door of his house.

Robert advanced toward him complaining of his pupils as being insolent. Mr. Johnson replied that he would not for the world encourage impertinence in them but that the white cross which he had on his back might make wiser people than boys laugh.

"What is this cross to you?" replied Robert crossly. "Is not my back my own property?"

The schoolmaster smilingly assented, and Hope went on his way. But the cross was growing heavier and heavier.

He began to think that it would not be so easy to pay his rent in this manner. So much raillery had already been heaped upon him, what would it be if the cause were known? His landlord might as well have written on his back a receipt in full.

As he reflected thus, Robert arrived at the tavern. He was passing by when he perceived Mr. Taylor himself at a few paces distant, and on the other side his neighbor Hullins, dragging his wooden leg, and conversing with Harry Stokes, the carpenter. Harry Stokes was the wit of the village, and Hope would not have encountered him before Hullins for the world. He therefore took refuge in the tavern.

But the place was not long tenable. The drinkers did not fail to perceive the cross, and to rally Hope who grew angry; the quarrel became violent, and the innkeeper, fearing some serious result, turned Robert out of doors.

The latter had left home with the intention of examining some work which had been offered to him in a neighboring village, but his mind had been so disturbed by old Fox, Patty Steven, the blacksmith, the butcher, Peggy Turton, and the school-boys, that he resolved to return home thinking that would be, after all, the most peaceable place.

Have you ever seen, in the month of September, a young partridge, the last of a brood, fluttering along through the fields with a wounded wing? Such was Robert on his way home at the other end of the village. Now he walked rapidly lest he should be overtaken, now slowly lest he should meet some one; now in the road, now in the fields, gliding behind the bushes, climbing the walls, and shunning glances like a gipsy who has stolen a chicken from a farmer's poultry yard. At this moment the white cross was an insupportable weight.

At last he reached his dwelling, and this time hoped to find a little rest. But as soon as his wife perceived him she began to cry out:

"Are you not ashamed to come back as you went? Five or six neighbors have asked me if you had lost your senses! Quick! Let me rub out that cross!"

"Away, woman!" exclaimed Robert, exasperated.

"You shall not remain so, Hope; I will not have any one belonging to me so ridiculous. Take off that jacket! take it off this minute, I tell you!"

As she thus spoke, Mrs. Hope attempted to seize her husband's arm; but the latter rudely repulsed her. Mrs. Hope, who was not remarkable for patience, replied by a blow, and the result was a scuffle between the two, to the great scandal of the neighbors, who ran to separate them.

Everybody blamed Robert, who, when he became calm, understanding that there was no hope of rest or peace for him otherwise, effaced the cross of his own accord.

The Monday following he carried his rent to the house of his landlord.

"Ah! ah! Robert," said Mr. Taylor, on perceiving him. "I thought you would soon repent of your bargain. This is a good lesson for envious and impatient dispositions, who are incessantly complaining of God and of life. Remember this, Hope; He who has created us has proportioned our burdens to our strength. Do not complain of being less fortunate than others, for you know not the sufferings of your neighbor. All crosses are heavy; the way to render them light is to bear them with patience, courage and good will."—*Exchange.*

The Astrakhan Plague.

The disease now ravaging the district of Astrakhan is the "black death," which for ages has had its home in Egypt, Syria, Greece, Turkey and the adjoining provinces of Russia, to which countries it is now chiefly limited. The people in the first infected districts are dying, the reports state, like flies. So rapidly has the disease spread that fully ten per cent. in the newly-infected districts have perished. Not one dares touch the dead, and they lie unburied in the streets.

In the commencement of the disease there is a feeling of weariness and fatigue, shivering, nausea, and sickness, confusion of ideas, giddiness, and pain in the loins. These are quickly followed by increased stupor and delirium, by pallor and flushing of the face, and a feeling of intense binding or constriction about the heart. Darting pains are felt in the groins, armpits and other parts of the body. The lymphatic glands become enlarged, and carbuncles appear. The tongue becomes dry and brown, and the gums, teeth and lips are covered with a dark fur, while the bowels, which are at first constipated, become relaxed. The will loses its control over the muscles. About the second or third day livid spots and stripes appear upon the skin. In fatal cases—and most are fatal—the pulse gradually sinks, the surface becomes cold and clammy, blood oozes from the mucuous surfaces, and there is either coma or delirium. The victim usually lingers five or six days, and may pass away without a struggle or in convulsions. It is said that infected persons might visit every country in Europe before the symptoms were recognized, and in this way endanger the whole world.

The plague may be spontaneously engendered by endemic or epidemic influences; it may originate from local causes, and may be propogated by peculiar contagion. Temperature seems to exert a very great influence over it. In tropical climates it is not known, and it does not long withstand the cold of Northern climates. Its particular harvest time in Europe is late in the summer and early in the fall, especially in September. Like the germs of yellow fever, it has thus far evaded the examinations of chemists and microscopists. As soon as absorbed it alters the composition of the blood and the condition of the tissues. There is no universal cure for it. In occasional instances fresh air may be of benefit. Cleanliness is generally a preventive, and it is due to this and superior ventilation that foreigners in the Levant are comparatively exempt.

In 1333, so Chinese historians tell us, there were great convulsions in nature, and earthquakes and floods, which were followed by drouths and famines. Hills and lakes disappeared, and the gases rising from the earth, and decaying vegetation and animals rendered the air excessively impure. Following these convulsions came the Great Plague, and before it entered Europe 13,000,000 people in China, and 25,000,000 people in Western Asia and Northern Africa had died.

It appeared in Russia, near where it now prevails, in 1348. Constantinople was attacked, and from there it spread over all Turkey. The disease was carried to Italy, and from thence to France, England, Germany, and the Low Countries. From England it was conveyed to Sweden, and passed over the Baltic Sea into Northern Russia. In only three years it covered the whole of Europe. Half the population of Italy died of it. Fifteen Continental cities lost 300,000 inhabitants, London, 100,000, and in Europe 25,000,000 people perished.

The terrible disease was attributed by the superstitious to the Jews, who were accused of poisoning the wells so that the water would breed pestilence. Entire colonies of Jews were massacred, and thousands were so terrified that they took their own lives. The disease was extensively spread by numerous bands of religious zealots, who visited town after town, torturing their bodies in the vain hope of expiating the sins of the people. These Flagellants, as they were called, comprised both men and women, who went about nearly naked, and each one wore a red cross upon the breast. The church reaped a rich harvest, for many of its frightened subjects gave to it their all. The donors were obliged to throw their gifts over the walls of the inclosure, for the monks were afraid to come in contact with them, and shut the gates. Multitudes sought to escape the disease by living in caves and woods and starved. Some endeavored to escape by the sea. They died and sailors who picked up their boats shared the same fate. Rotton bodies floated down the streams, polluting them and filling the air with the contagion. Some of the delirous victims ran through the streets of villages, tearing out the hair and scratching the faces of every one they met.

The plague of 1663, 1664, and 1665, the last that prevailed very extensively produced fewer deaths. In 1720 Marseilles was almost depopulated, and in 1790, Turkey, Poland and Russia were again visited.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Entombed in Ice.

Capt. Hubert Kane, who arrived in this city yesterday from Gloucester, Mass., in the schooner Flirt, of St. Mary's, N. J., told a very harrowing story. It is to the effect that, while ice-bound in Placentia Bay, on the south coast of Newfoundland, on the 4th inst., he descried what appeared to be a dismantled vessel apparently about two miles off his lee bow. The vessel was also ice-bound. On the following morning he proposed to walk to the vessel, more for the sake of satisfying his curiosity than anything else. The ice was frozen solid, and he experienced no difficulty in obtaining the company of a number of the sailors aboard his schooner. Preparatory to starting the party were provided with axes and other articles necessary on exploring trips. After a tiresome journey, throughout which climbing over and sliding over immense, irregular masses of ice were the most noticeable features, the vessel was reached and discovered to be the hull of a large brig careened over on the port side and imbedded solidly in the ice. Of the two masts only jagged stumps remained. On the stern-post was painted "Adelaide Folquet, Dieppe."

With the aid of the axes Captain Kane says, the men ascended the starboard side of the vessel, and upon gaining the decks a terrible sight met their gaze. Near the gallery door lay the body of a man, face downward, imbedded in the ice so firmly that recognition was impossible until after the corpse had been thoroughly thawed. The steps leading down to the forecastle were completely blocked up by the frozen sea-water. The axes were again called into requisition and the passageway was soon cleared. Below there was a horrifying sight to behold. Diagonally across the floor of the once cozy forecastle another body lay stretched. The appearance of the eyes, mouth and neck gave assurance that decomposition had been arrested in its course by the atmosphere of the improvised ice-box in which it lay. Another corpse was found in the forecastle, with its back nearly upright against, and firmly frozen to, and old sea-chest. The head and face of the corpse also presented the appearance of a skull from which every particle of flesh had faded away, and such it would literally have been but for the frail and tightly-drawn covering of withered skin which concealed the bone.

Both of the bodies found in the forecastle were dug out of their temporary resting-place, to which they had been tightly frozen, and conveyed on deck and laid beside the body found in the galley. The entrance to the cabin was next examined and found almost frozen over, except a small aperture through which nothing but darkness was visible. The axes soon removed the icy obstruction, and an entrance into the cabin was affected. An opening was cut through two of the cabin windows, and the light revealed another sickening spectacle, a sadder one by far than the others, for the body of a woman was found lying prostrate in the Captain's stateroom. A few feet away protruding boots led to the discovery of another body, the upper portion of which was deeply imbedded in the thick ice which covered the cabin floor from the entrance to the opposite side.

All the bodies were arranged on deck as neatly as the circumstances allowed. The interior of the Captain's stateroom contained no ice, and the exploring party found in a locket on the dead woman's neck the miniatures of a handsome man, about thirty-five years of age, and a pleasing looking woman of about thirty—evidently the Captain and his wife. On the floor of the stateroom was an ebony crucifix, with the figure of the Redeemer in ivory. The stateroom contained two religious pictures, a writing desk, a medicine chest, two fine trunks, valises and satchels, which the explorers would not touch until the authorities had been consulted. The men gloomily made their fatiguing journey back to Placentia harbor, where they laid all the particulars of their saddening adventure before the magistrate, who at once took steps to have the bodies brought ashore, together with the ship's papers and other effects secured until full identification had been made.

A telegram from St. Pierre announced that the Adelaide Folquet, a French brig, had last been seen when she left that port on Nov. 16, with a load of codfish, herring and dried caplin, bound for the port of Marseilles in France.—*N. Y. Star.*

The Modern Iroquois.

Nearly 6,000 of the descendants of the old Six Nations of Central and Western New York are at Forestville, Wis. We believe they are mostly Cayugas. The United States agent in charge of this reservation reports that nearly 2,000 of these 6,000 can read and write; that they have twenty-nine day and two manual labor schools, and that they cultivate their land so diligently that they pay all the expenses of their living. They are not the old Iroquois in spirit, or courage, or adventure; but they may yet play a part in civilization quite as worthy of their lineage as that of the warriors who burned and ravished up and down the Mohawk valley during the Revolution. One popular delusion respecting them—that they are dying out—has been thoroughly eradicated from the public mind. If to those of the Six Nations who are on this reservation we add the Canadian descendants of the famous confederacy we have a number nearly if not quite as large as the total census of the Iroquois at the time when they were the masters and conquerors of the continent. —*Cattaraugus Union.*

—This is the season for taking colds, and the *Popular Science Monthly* tells how to prevent them. It says the mistake is often made of taking great care to put on extra wraps and coats when preparing for outdoor exercise. This is not at all necessary in robust persons. Sufficient heat to prevent all risk of chill is generated in the body by exercise. The care should be taken to retain sufficient clothing after exercise, and when at rest, to prevent the heat from passing out of the body. Indeed, persons very often catch chills from throwing off extra clothing after exercise, or from sitting about in garments the material of which is not adapted to prevent the radiation of heat from the body.

—A fare exchange—buying a railroad ticket.

Apples.

I have bought two apples from the train boy. Not because I wanted the apples very badly, but because I wanted to do something to appease the train boy. Ever since we left Cleveland he has been turned loose on the defenceless passengers. He wanted me to buy all of Matthews' books and Taylor's "World on Wheels." and "Between the Gates," and Rev. E. P. Roe's novel (under twelve or thirteen titles) and some fresh California figs, and Abysinnian grapes, and Senegambian pears, and new Siberian oranges and some candy packages, with a beautiful and valuable prize in every package, and some beautiful ivory ornaments made of ivory that grows on trees, and some peanuts and English walnut meats and pecans and fresh roasted chestnuts and apples.

I reflected. I did not think that I ought to buy all these things, because I have a family to support, and I am not as wealthy as Mr. Stewart's bones. At the same time I knew that boy was going to sell me something if he had to "lick me" to make me buy. I had already bought a newspaper of him, but a paper doesn't count. Everybody buys a newspaper of every train boy. So I compromised at last on apples. I bought two apples; price five cents.

Apples are wholesome, nutritious and palatable. They promote the growth of the hair, induce morality, assist digestion. And—

They are cheap.

So I sat in the pleasant Wagner car and munched those apples. They were good apples, as apples go now. There was a worm in one of them, and I don't know what there was in the other. It was alive and crawled, but it was not a worm, and I don't know what it's name was. But these things are not at all uncommon to apples of all denominations. These apples I ate Sunday morning were, as I have said, good apples, as apples go now.

Because, apples are not what they were twenty-five years ago. I ate these two apples this bright Sabbath morning, and they filled me up to the chin. They were rather mealy. They didn't possess the delicious juiciness nor the exquisite fruity flavor the apples of the olden times had. Why, in those elder days, when I wasn't half as big as I am now, I used to go out into an old orchard, about three or four miles out of Peoria, and eat apples from eight o'clock a. m. until high noon, and then have hold room for a big dinner. I used to get apples then that had the odor of apple blossoms. Somehow or other all the apples I get now smell of the cellar, and most of them taste a little like potatoes. The smell of the clover has gone away from them, too. There is not the remotest possible suggestion of the sparkle of dew on the orchard grass; no lazy, contented hum of bumble bees in the air; no bright motes dancing up and down in the warm summer sunshine; no song of the meadow lark; no far away call of the bob white, the distant cawing of a crow; there are none of these things about the apples I get now.

I don't think, either, there is quite so much cholera morbus about as there used to be.

But I believe I would take the chances on the c. m. if some man would find me an apple like the one that used to grow on the tree down by the milk house. I think that tree must be dead, or at least the apples are no longer on the market. I would feel assured the tree was dead, and that it was the last of its race, if I did not know that my boy, in nine or ten years from now, would find just such a tree, with exactly the same kind of apples; the same motes in the sunshine, the same "bumble bees" in the air, the same bob white answering his whistle. I wonder if brown cheeks and tangled hair and bare feet and hands scratched with blackberry thorns would make apples taste any better to a fellow now?

I don't believe they would. I have seen tangled hair in hash, but it never seemed to improve it very much.

"Times ain't what they used to be any how," the passenger from Kentucky remarked, in answer to the waiting of the old passenger who was mourning over the degeneration of people and things. "You are right, times ain't what they used to be. The women ain't as pretty as they used to was, and the boys are faster; the men don't work so hard, and they ain't as honest; the cattle don't come up so early and they don't low like they used to; they bawl; the sun doesn't shine as bright and the birds don't sing so sweetly, it doesn't rain so often and the water isn't as soft as it used to be; the dogs ain't as smart as they was, the sun rises later and sets earlier than it used to, the days ain't so long and there ain't so many of them."

And somehow or other the old passenger seemed to have a new light on the subject. And as I watched a more contented look stole over his face, I thought myself that maybe after all, the apples didn't change so much as the boy.

But I will swear that I have eaten lots better apples than any train boy ever sold me.—*Burdette, in the Hawk-Eye.*

A Baggage-Smasher Can Not Be Killed.

"Doc" Clow, as he is known to railroad men, but whose right name is Albert Clow, is one of twelve through baggage-men in the employment of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company, and his route is from New York to Buffalo. He has probably been in more "smash-ups" than any other railroad man in the United States, and has seen men killed alongside of him right and left, but, with one exception, he has always come out without receiving an injury of any account. Twelve years ago he was on a milk train which ran off a switch near Montrose, Hudson River Railroad. His car was upset and broken, and a tramp was killed, but "Doc" came out of the train all right. He was on a Yonkers train which ran into a passenger train. Four cars were smashed and several persons were hurt, but "Doc" crawled out from under a car and helped to clear the track. He was through baggageman on the Pacific express train which came into collision with an oil train seven years ago on the New Hamburg drawbridge, and another man was in the car with him. The car, when the train struck the oil train, turned over on its side and bumped along over the trestlework before it came to the horrible chasm, into which it plunged. As it lay on its side the door was, of course, on top, and through it "Doc" crawled, and, as he reached the opening, a terrific jolting hurled him on the ice below, over which the burning kerosene from the burst oil cars was flowing, but he managed to crawl to safety, receiving only a slight singeing. The other man was carried down into the river beneath the draw with the car and killed, and in all the cars that went through the bridge, "Doc" was the only person saved. Two or three years ago Clow's train was in a collision near Greenbush. His baggage-car was torn to pieces, and he was smashed in with the baggage, but not a bone was broken. In this accident two were killed. A year after another collision occurred near the same place, and "Doc's" train was again in it. The baggage-car and express-car were smashed to flinders, but once more "Doc" escaped, and again two persons were killed. Then his car was run into by a car loaded with lumber at West Albany, and the lumber was telescoped into the baggage-car, but as it came in one end "Doc" went out the other. Some time after his train was run into by a coal-car, and his baggage-car was wrecked. In this accident he jumped before the crash came, and went over and over into a ditch, but not a bone was broken. Again, he was baggage-master on the St. Louis express when it ran off the track a short distance east of Buffalo a few days ago. The train was badly damaged, and the express messenger in the car ahead of him was burned to death, but "Doc" did not receive a scratch. In all these hair-breadth escapes he never received a scar. But to-day he carries a scar which worries him. It reaches from the center of his forehead down to the end of his nose—a sort of zig-zag scar, as though he had been struck by lightning. He got that about four weeks ago in the accident on the Harlem Railroad, near William's Bridge. He was "deadheading" up the road on a passenger train, which smashed into a freight train. In the accident several persons were hurt and the fireman killed. "Doc" was hurled over four or five seats and slammed against the car door. This is his latest. Clow is a single man, about thirty-five years of age, and lives in New York. He is a regular railroad Jonah, and whenever his train gets through all right there need be no fears about the others. He has been in the employ of the Hudson River Railroad nearly eighteen years, and is in every respect a first-class baggage-man.—*Poughkeepsie Cor. N. Y. Times.*

Romance in Real Life.

An extremely singular affair transpired in this city last week, the actors in which are highly respectable citizens residing at present on Tenth street. Some twenty years ago there came to a far-off Eastern city a young man, whose pleasing address and engaging habits soon won the hand and heart of one of the reigning belles of the Orient metropolis.

There were lights, music, joy, priestly words—a wedding; the former maiden being now known as Mrs. Little.

A few short years and there appeared a shadow, at first the size of a man's hand; afterward a shutting out of the joy and the sunshine; then chaotic darkness. The fatal eclipse is death! Years of mourning followed, sanctified by the tears of grief. Time came, and over the urn of the mourned sprang the perennial flower of hope.

A second suitor, named John Sawyer, appeared, and the star so long buried in the shadows rose again in the ascendant. Vows were pledged, and the confiding widow became again a wife. A child was born, and for a brief period life partook of the sweetness of Heaven.

The shadows again fell. Before, the sorrow was tender—it was dead. Now, it was hideous—it was living.

From bad to worse, the husband became cruel. His blood was inflamed by drink. Long years of patient, horrible suffering followed—then a divorce.

The far West was sought as a welcome refuge.

After some years a third husband sued for the hand of the sad but still blooming woman and life was again roseate.

They were married, Mrs. Sawyer becoming Mrs. E. M. Raymond, and for a number of years they have been residing in this city.

The infant of former years had become a graceful, bright-eyed maiden.

A few days since there came to the door of the happy home on Tenth street a man who looked the boon companion of trouble. He was subdued, respectable, and prematurely old.

The call was answered by a motherly-faced matron, who beheld in the visitor the father of her child and her former husband. The situation is not easily described. There are some pictures in life from which the veil should not be lifted—some heart-throes, the exposure of which would be desecration. He had repented of his folly, and reformed; had embarked in business, and was now rich.

He piteously pleaded for an opportunity to see his child. He was rich in this world's goods, and would endow her bountifully.

The request was granted. It was a meeting of spring and winter. Strange spectacle.

The shock was fatal. Spring conquered. The husband came home and was told the story, and, being a sensible man, understood. Thus was avoided a scene.

The former husband was prostrated with a fatal illness. Charity conquered, and he was tenderly cared for.

On Thursday he died, surrounded by friends, and ere the light was shut out from the dead on Friday, the upturned face was wet with the dew of genuine pity.—*St. Paul Globe.*

Succulent Food for Sheep.

In 1833 I had about 200 sheep. Early in November a snow-storm came, which lasted a fortnight before it all melted, and covered up 200 or 300 bushels of apples. The sheep came down from the hills, got on the apples and eat nothing else, except some corn-husks in the next field. It was in vain that we offered them hay or other fodder so long as the apples lasted. I had fears for their health, but the result was—not a sick sheep in all winter. The year 1834 my apples were cut off by frost, so that I had none to feed. I had a flock of about 100 lambs, which I kept separate from the other sheep and fed on the best of hay. About January, I perceived that they were scouring badly. I was surprised at this, as they had no laxative food. Finally one died, and upon opening it I found the stomach so full of dry hay that nothing could pass except in a fluid state. At the same time the gall had been excited so that it overflowed, first the liver, then the stomach, and finally the lungs, when the sheep died. I then began feeding on potatoes, which saved all but five or six, which died, and were opened with the same showing as the first. In following years I had apples fed to the sheep, and was rarely troubled with a sick one. This continued till 1840, when I sold out and went into another business. I was convinced that if I had had apples in 1834 I should have saved my flock of lambs from scouring.—*Amos C. Morey, Columbia County, N. Y.*

—The last news from Liberia is more rosy. The sailing vessel Azor arrived on Friday from that coast, in Charleston harbor, fifty-one days out. The letters sent back by colonists who embarked in the previous voyage eulogize the country in warm terms and urge further emigration. One extract reads: "The land is rich. The water is good. Bring all kinds of seeds. You will have the fever, but will get over it, and then it will be ten times better here. Coons are plenty." The Azor will presently set sail again with another load of colored folks, who will be secured without trouble. The temptation of much coon is irresistible.

The English language is wonderful for its aptness of expression. When a number of men and women get together and look at each other from the sides of a room—that's called a sociable. When a hungry crowd calls upon a poor minister and eats him out of house and home—that's called a donation party. —*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

—It would not be a bad idea for fashionable young clergymen to announce from the pulpit just before beginning the sermon, "Dearly beloved, we are completely full on slippers and bookmarks, but a trifle short on suspenders."

RECIPES, ETC.

Poor Man's Pudding.—Three cups flour, one cup of molasses, one cup of milk, one cup of suet, one cup of raisins, one teaspoonful of soda, spice to taste; boil two hours; eat with sauce.

Cream Pies.—Two cupfuls of sugar, six eggs, three cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one teateaspoonful of soda. Bake in six Washington pie tins, making three pies when completed.

Breakfast Dish.—Chop cold steak very fine, cook it in a very little water, add a few tablespoonfuls of cream, thicken and season with butter, pepper and salt; pour over slices of nicely-browned toast.

To Make Good Coffee.—Make a little flannel bag large enough to use all the coffee you wish, and leave room enough for the coffee to swell; put in the coffee, tie with a string, and boil a little longer than in making it the usual way.

Raised Biscuit.—One quart milk, three-fourths cup lard or butter (half and half is good), three-fourths cup yeast, two tablespoonfuls white sugar, one teaspoonful salt, flour to make a soft dough; mix over night, warming the milk slightly and melting the butter; in the morning roll out into a sheet three-quarters of an inch thick; cut into round cakes; set these closely together in a pan; let them rise twenty minutes; bake twenty minutes.

Filling for Pies.—Bring one and one-half pints of milk to a boil and add (well beaten together) three-fourths of a cupful of sifted flour, three eggs, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar. Boil all thoroughly, add a pinch of salt, flavor when cold. Put three of the cakes on plates and spread one-third of the mixture on each; cover with the remaining three cakes. Be sure to make them at least two days before wanted, as they are tough if eaten the day they are made. Sift powdered sugar over them when ready for the table.

Increasing the Growth of Wool.—The use of chloride of potassium is recommended in Germany as a means of increasing the growth of wool on sheep. Some German chemists have made experiments with the article, proving that the growth of wool is promoted by its use. It is administered in the proportion of one part of chloride to nine parts of salt. It not only increases the production of wool, but improves the quality, and promotes the general health of the animal, we are told; but the proper quantities to administer are not stated.

A Little Advice About Eggs.—If you keep but few hens you will find that the scraps from the table will make the best morning meal that you can give; the bits of meat, potatoes, crumbs of bread and all the odds and ends from the table are just what laying hens need, and it will pay better to turn the scraps into eggs than it will to feed them to the hogs. Eggs are worth something now, and twenty hens, if properly cared for, will shell out, at a moderate estimate, a dozen eggs every day. The "scraps," a half peck of oats or barley, and a peck of shelled corn will be sufficient food for these twenty fowls a week; do your own figuring.

Cure for Scaly Legs in Fowl.—A sure cure of scaly legs in fowl is affected thus: Insert a feather in the spout of a coal oil can so that too large a stream will not run out; get some one to hold the fowl by the wings; take hold of a toe of one foot at a time, and pour a fine stream from the hock-joint to the end of each toe, taking care that all parts of the foot are wet with it. One application a year is enough, if done at all, and at the time when they need it, say during January or February. The scaly appearance is caused by an insect which the oil most effectually kills, and leaves the legs clear and bright looking. This will answer even when the legs are twice their natural size, which is frequently the case when neglected.

—Here is the newest restaurant story: Customer—"How long has this wine been bottled, waiter?" Waiter—"Fourteen years, sir." Customer—"Very remarkable, that; I didn't know that flies were so long lived." Waiter—"Flies, sir?" Customer—"Undoubtedly; here is one swimming around just under the cork."

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 28, 1879.

FLOUR—Extra Ohio	$3 75	@	$5 00	
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	1 09¼	@	1 10¾	
No. 1 White	1 10	@	1 10¾	
CORN—No. 3	45	@	45¾	
OATS—Mixed Western	33¼	@	35	
RYE—Western	55	@	58	
PORK—Mess	8 25	@	10 00	
LARD—Prime Steam	6 47½	@	6 50	
BUTTER—Western	06	@	32	
CHEESE—Ohio	03	@	08¾	
HOGS	3 40	@	3 80	
CATTLE	8 00	@	10 25	
SHEEP	4 50	@	5 75	
CLEVELAND				
FLOUR—XX White	5 00	@	$5 25	
XX Red, No. 1	....	@	8 00	
Spring, X Red	4 50	@	4 60	
WHEAT—No. 1 Red	....	@	99	
No. 2 Red	....	@	94	
CORN	35	@	36	
OATS—No. 1	..	@	27	
RYE	44	@	46	
BARLEY—State	75	@	95	
CHEESE—Choice Factory	07	@	08	
Skims	05	@	08	
BUTTER—Choice	16	@	17	
EGGS	27	@	28	
PORK—Mess	8 25	@	10 75	
POTATOES	80	@	1 00	
LUMBER—First Clear	34 00	@	38 00	
Strips	15 00	@	30 00	
Stock Boards	14 00	@	19 00	
Joists, etc.	12 00	@	17 00	
Flooring (matched)	28 00	@	36 00	
SHINGLES—No. 1	2 00	@	2 50	
LATH	2 00	@	2 10	
BUFFALO.				
BEEVES—Best	....	@	5 25	
Medium	4 20	@	4 70	
HOGS—Common to fair	2 50	@	2 75	
Heavy	3 50	@	3 65	
SHEEP—Fair to good	4 40	@	4 62½	
Best	5 00	@	5 25	
CINCINNATI.				
FLOUR—Family	$4 25	@	$5 25	
WHEAT—Red	90	@	97	
CORN	31	@	32½	
OATS	24	@	25	
RYE	51	@	52	
BUTTER—Choice	17	@	20	
HOGS—Common to Light	2 75	@	3 20	
Butchers' Stock	3 70	@	3 75	
TOLEDO.				
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	..	@	95¼	
Western Amber	..	@	90¾	
CORN—High Mixed	50	@	32	
No. 2	..	@	..	
OATS—No. 2	34	@	35	
PITTSBURGH.				
BEEVES—Best	4 50	@	$5 25	
Medium	3 70	@	4 25	
HOGS—Yorkers	3 20	@	3 40	
Philadelphias	3 50	@	3 75	
SHEEP—Best	....	@	5 25	
Medium	....	@	3 50	